

Is the Bible Still Read in New York City?

Only those who have the facts can answer. And the New York Bible Society has the facts. It celebrates its one hundred and seventeenth anniversary tomorrow.

For December 5 is Universal Bible Sunday. TO MANY PEOPLE THIS EVENT WILL MEAN NOTHING.



Ralph Welles Keeler

They do not know of the work which this society is doing.

It gives copies of the Bible to the sick in hospitals and to prisoners in jail.

Lighthouse keepers from Maine to Florida have God's Word through their efforts.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND BIBLES ARE PRESENTED TO IMMIGRANTS AT ELLIS ISLAND EACH YEAR.

The blind receive the Eternal Message in Bibles printed in raised type.

Sailors on steamers, schooners, canal boats, barges and freighters are given the Book of Books.

Settlement houses, orphanages, missions and business and social leagues are kept supplied.

Hotels are furnished Bibles for the use of their guests.

A million copies of the Bible were distributed free by the New York Bible Society last year.

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN RECEIVED THE BIBLE IN SIXTY-SEVEN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

Dr. George William Carter, the general secretary, says the demand for the Bible increases yearly.

AND THAT RIGHT IN "LITTLE, OLD NEW YORK."

May the pocketbooks for the multitude be open to support this work!

FOR A KNOWLEDGE OF GOD'S LAW MEANS A BETTER NEW YORK CITY.

The New York Bible Society, at 5 East 48th St., is an ally of good citizenship.

Let us help this society which is undergirding our civic foundations.

Ralph Welles Keeler

The Smartest Thing My Dog Ever Did

CANINE CHARITY

This is a story of my dog, Roger. The cook noticed recently that Roger had developed a terrible appetite, and was not satisfied with one bone, but hung around until he got two or three, and then he would start off with them in his mouth. The cook thought he buried them, so he followed him one day and found out what he did with them. He followed him over to the barn, and close to the barn there is an old hayrick with a fence around it, and there in the corner was a poor, little, miserable dog. He was one with whom we were not acquainted, and, therefore, called him a tramp dog. He was bleary-eyed and skinny, and so poor that when his tail wagged in

TAXI DRIVER DOUBLES IN STAR OPERATIC ROLES

LOS ANGELES.—Saul Silverman, taxi driver, is taking time off to sing important roles in Los Angeles operas this season, Monterone in "Rigoletto," Dr. Grenvil in "La Traviata" and Commissario in "Madam Butterfly." This is his third season with the Los Angeles Opera Association.

appreciation of Roger's bringing him these bones his joints would make a noise like a sandpaper rustle. Roger put down the bones in front of the dog, made a little dog talk, and sat down to watch the poor little tramp eat the bones up.

JAMES G. VAN BRAMER.

17 East 42d St., New York.

This story won today's dollar. Send us your story. It might be a winner. Address it to Dog Editor, care of The GRAPHIC, 25 City Hall Place.

Verdict Leaves Murder a Mystery

(Continued from Page 6)

to carry the important news to the waiting public.

A heavy silence hung over the tiny chamber as the arrival of the jury was awaited.

Once again the sharp-edged voice of the judge broke the stillness. The jury, he announced, would be asked to tell the fate of each of the defendants separately.

The door opened, and the twelve rugged farmers, a well-digger, contractors and merchants filed in. From the heavy masks of their faces no indication came of what their verdict might be.

At 6.49 the jury filed in, and in solemn tone the court clerk called their names.

In single line they stood before the bench—warped, wrinkled men, most of them as sturdy as the soil and the hardy small towns from which they gain their livelihood.

"Gentlemen of the jury," the clerk droned, "have you reached a verdict?"

In the little chamber there was not a sound. The lights flickered fitfully. Outside, the friendly



R. H. McCarter



Senator Case

snowflakes heaped their mantle of white on the torn grass of the courthouse lawn; on the dirt and the grime the curiosity seekers had scattered for the month before.

Mrs. Hall smiled a happy little smile. Or was it a nervous one? Willie Stevens glared at the judges. Henry sought the eyes of his wife where she sat in the rear of the courtroom.

"Gentlemen of the jury, how do you find Henry Stevens, guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

In unison came the answer, hurried, eager, as though the jurors raced each other to announce the good tidings.

The rest was only a formality. Henry was the one the state named as the actual killer! With the older brother guiltless, there was no question as to the fate of Willie and his sister.

"Not guilty," was the answer to the clerk's question as to the guilt of each, and when the twelve told it of Mrs. Hall, they seemed to have found their voices, and their words rose in a triumphant roar.

There was no sign of emotion in the remarkable trio who had just been acquitted of murder. Not from the proud widow, the eccentric pursuer of fire engines or the Lavalette fisherman.

In the confusion of guards dragging an offending newspaper man

Your MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

By Patricia Lee

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From the attitude some wives take about love, one would think that winning back a husband's lost affection, rekindling dead fires, were a matter of simple recipe. And it's one of the most difficult things in the world. Now, Helen Graves today admits she killed her husband's love through her quick temper and bad disposition. So he left her and she was satisfied. But now she wants him back, and seeks the way.

Says the WOMAN

Dear Patricia Lee:—

Will you tell me how I can get back my husband's love? We were married four years and once he loved me very much, but he said I had such a bad disposition that I killed his love. After being alone for six months I realize how I miss him and want him to come back. How can I win back his love?

HELEN GRAVES.

Do you really want your husband back because you love him or because you're lonely and want companionship? And just how would you act if you were together again? It's easy for you to promise anything before you get what you want and then again it's not the most simple matter to win back a man's love when you've killed it. But I wish you luck if you are sincere.

Patricia Lee broadcasts a talk on "Marriage Problems" every Wednesday afternoon at 3.20 o'clock from station WGBS. Tune in on her and have some of your questions answered.

How much should a father have to say about his children's training? John Hoover has two sons who, he says, are being completely spoiled by their mother. Every time he wants to discipline them she gets angry at him. She gives them too much spending money, and he is a poor man, on a mediocre salary.

Says the MAN

Dear Miss Lee:—

Shouldn't a father have something to say about his boys' upbringing? I am a poor man, working hard for what I get and my wife is spoiling the two of them by giving them too much money, letting them have their own way, and, when I try to tell them what to do, she gets angry and says I am a harsh father. They talk back to her, and she thinks they're just children, but they will grow up into wilful men unless they are stopped now. That's what we quarrel about all the time.

JOHN HOOVER.

I do think a father should have some voice in his sons' training. It's unfortunate that parents can't act in harmony about their children. You are right. Your wife is not being fair to the boys if she permits them to have their own way. But, until she sees that viewpoint, what can you do about it? If she refuses to be sensible, I guess you'll have to suffer in silence and talk to the boys as often as you can. Take them out with you and try to teach them by your own example.

Patricia Lee answers questions every day relating to problems of married life. Names and addresses should be added to letters as a mark of good faith, but will not be published in the paper. Write to Patricia Lee, in care of The GRAPHIC, 25 City Hall Place.

to the judges' bench, they left the courtroom and entered the jail.

There, too, the tears did not come. Mrs. Hall, according to jail attendants, kissed Willie. The eccentric fellow put his huge arms around her. Henry grasped his sister's hand and patted his weak-minded brother on the shoulder.

A minute more and Mrs. Hall had slipped from the jail, laughing a little nervously, a little happily, not at all certainly!

Flashlights boomed! Reporters surged forward! Smiling relatives helped the white-haired widow through the crowds. They escorted her to her automobile, and she was on her way home.

GOLLY! HERE'S NEWS! BIG PARTY NEXT WEEK!

By UNCLE GEORGE

Oh me, oh my! Glory be! We have been invited to have a party at the new Paramount Theater, which has just been opened on Broadway at 43d Street. Isn't that grand? We are going to meet Jesse Crawford, who, I am told, is the only organist in the world to have his music put on records. We are going half an hour early so as to see him. All you have to do to meet this talented man and see

the show next Saturday is to write and tell me positively that you can be there at 10.30 so that we may have a picture of you surrounding Mr. Crawford.

I expect to get about a thousand letters a day on this and if you will please put "Paramount Theater" on the outside of your letter or postal, I will appreciate it.

P. S.—Be sure to read our page today in the Magazine Section.

CUTEST THING BABY EVER SAID

One night after little Dot had been unusually naughty, she added this to her evening prayer: "And please help me to be a good girl tomorrow and don't let Satan butt in."

MRS. J. D. MILLER,
1354 Pacific St., Brooklyn.

This letter won the prize of \$1. Tell us the cutest thing your baby ever said. SEND A PHOTOGRAPH, TOO, IF YOU WISH. Address "Cutest Thing" Editor, care The GRAPHIC, 25 City Hall Place.

OUR EAST SIDE GANG—

Consider the Source

By Louis G. Ferstadt

